

THE HAWAIIAN STAR.

PUBLISHED EVERY AFTERNOON
EXCEPT SUNDAY
BY THE HAWAIIAN STAR NEWS-PAPER ASSOCIATION, Ltd.

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ADVERTISING RATES:
Rates for transient and regular advertising may be obtained at the publication office.
Mailing Telephone Number 365, Bell Telephone 150.

MONDAY, NOVEMBER 20, 1893.
NOT TO BE COERCED.

The admission of C. B. Wilson to the Marshal that he is trying, by means of arrests and bonds, to enforce the STAR's silence about his and the late Queen's record, is what might have been looked for in the man. Bullying is his familiar recourse. We must say to him, however, that he has failed to appreciate the STAR if he thinks that it can be swayed from a public duty by the prospect of arrest, the coercive whip or even by the threat to murder. The business of this journal includes the printing of reasons why the monarchy was annulled and why it should not be restored. It is proper, therefore, to publish the record and influences of the men who shaped the course of the royal Government and who would guide its destinies if that unspeakable form of misrule should again be put in motion. Charles B. Wilson, thief and paramour, was the political lieutenant of the Queen. In spite of his meagre intellect and the vice that festered in him, he had more to say about the conduct of public affairs than had the Cabinet itself. He was the dull, brute power behind the throne. To-day he is, next to his ex-Royal mistress, the foremost champion of the old order; and to-morrow, if some miracle or crime should place Liliuokalani in power again, he would attempt to dictate as of old to the Christian and civilized community of these afflicted islands. It is a fair question to put before the world whether a monarchy which had such bar sinners as Wilson upon its coat of arms—not to speak now of others that had been pictured in these columns—was not righteously abolished and could be decently revived. We mean that even the thoughtless shall halt and realize from what hands Hawaii has escaped and into what hands some misguided men are seeking to have it placed again as a captive in gyves of steel.

The STAR has been using Wilson, Colburn and the rest as types of what the monarchy spawned and what it would breed again if it had way and room. Assuredly the spectacle of an officer with a warrant will not turn the paper from its course. There is no motto for a public journal, in its dealing with crime and criminals, better than that of William Lloyd Garrison: "I will not excuse, I will not extenuate, and I will not retreat a single inch."

Wilson's record as an exemplar of the discarded Government was fairly and ably stated by Colonel Ashford, who is a man who knows the Royalist history of these islands and has the courage to tell the truth about it. It was really the purpose of this journal, in printing Colonel Ashford's complete and telling narrative, to dispose of Wilson's case therein and pass on to the public record of other claimants who had also made a foothold of official honor. But the ex-Marshall chooses to have it otherwise. With the pretence of a virtue which he never knew, he presumes to pose as an innocent and injured man. He challenges proof and attacks his last accuser through the law, in the hope that he may coerce his historians into silence. The STAR will not fail to meet him. Indeed it will lash this branded culprit until his back shall blush with a stigma as damning as the prison stripes he ought to wear, and until his head shall be as much the mark of public shame as that of any felon who ever had the sign of the barbed convict on his brow. Arrests may come and arrests may go, but Charles B. Wilson will now be kept in the pillory so long as he or his dares challenge the record that convicts him of meaner sins and crimes than any done by the unhappy creatures whom he was once empowered to seize in the name of the law whose livery he smirched in the mire of his own iniquities.

THAT INTERVIEW ONCE MORE

Whatever the *Advertiser* may say in its present mood of envy and chagrin, the leading men of this city are convinced that the STAR's interview with Minister Willis is correct. As for ourselves, we reaffirm it in all its phases and expressions. The words of the interview were those of the Minister, and after a careful perusal of them he authorized their publication in these columns. Previously, and without our knowledge at the time, nor until after our own interview had been put in type, Mr. Willis uttered the same things—except his compliment to the STAR—to the Associated Press agent, who sent them to the coast. Now, with the meaning and intent of Mr. Willis' words we have nothing to do. If they are misleading that is a matter for the Minister to settle with himself. It was the STAR's business to put down only what was said and leave the public to make its inferences.

The point which gives the *Advertiser* the most concern is the reference the Minister made to the recent course of the STAR. Upon this point we repeat all previous affirmations. Mr. Willis spoke directly of "the course of the STAR." Then he corrected himself and said: "Make it the recent course of the STAR." If he really meant the entire press he should have said so, and in the saying he would have been faithfully reported. The STAR, which recognizes no rival in this news field, is above the small jealousy which would have suppressed such an item of opinion.

We still feel called upon to point out that no word or phrase in the STAR interview has yet been specifically recalled or denied. Even the *Advertiser* itself, in a lucid moment, said that Mr. Willis had no doubt been accurately reported in regard to his own attitude. The agent of the Associated Press concurs, and the leading Royalist organ, whose editor also interviewed Mr. Willis, did not dissent. The American Minister himself has dealt with the matter in terms of the most diplomatic vagueness.

As we thought, the Australian dispatch which said that Cleveland would restore the Monarchy is not confirmed by the American press. Nobody was fooled by it here except the paleozoic editor.

No wonder the *kamaaina* flock to the STAR office to apologize for Whitney. They know him of old.

SHIP BURNED AT SEA.

Over Thirty Lives Reported Lost off Havana.

HAVANA, November 2.—The steamship City of Alexandria, belonging to the New York and Cuba Mail Steamship Company, from Havana and Matanzas for New York, was burned at sea yesterday and about thirty-five lives were lost.

Early this morning a small boat in which were the second officer and eleven other persons from the City of Alexandria entered the harbor here and reported the loss of the vessel. They say that an explosion occurred yesterday afternoon on board the steamer and soon afterward the ship was burning fiercely. The cause of the explosion is unknown.

The fire gained such headway that Captain Hoffman saw it would be impossible to check it, and orders were given to abandon the ship. There were 300 hogsheads of rum aboard, and this part of the cargo, when it caught fire, caused immense masses of flame to ascend from the hatchways, the hatches having been blown off.

At first there was great excitement aboard, but the officers soon succeeded in restoring order. As soon as the fire alarm was sounded the crew went to their fire stations and the stewards began to carry provisions to the boats.

There was comparatively little sea running and not much difficulty was found in lowering away the boats when the bell forward tolled the signal "Abandon the ship."

The scene of the burning of the steamer was only twenty-five miles from Havana, and the officers in command of the several boats—the captain, first officer, purser and chief engineer—had little fear of not being able to reach this port or some other place along the coast.

Those who arrived here in the small boat this morning said that sixty had been drowned, many of them through the upsetting of a boat. Later reports, however, show that none of the small boats was upset and that many of the persons at first reported as lost reached Bacuranno in safety.

The number of those drowned is now believed to be thirty-four or thirty-five. Among the lost were Herr Leibinger, a cabin passenger, whose home is in Germany, and several Cuban stevedores.

When the news of the disaster reached here several tugs were sent to the burning steamer to give whatever assistance they could. Two of the tugs returned this afternoon, bringing nineteen survivors from the vessel.

CRIME OF A LUNATIC.

FIENDISH MURDER OF MAYOR HARRISON.

Shot Down in His Own Dining Room by a Maniac Office-Seeker—Other Cranks About.

CHICAGO, October 28.—Carter H. Harrison was murdered in his own home by Patrick Eugene Prendergast last night. In cold blood Chicago's mayor was slain by the hand of a crazy and disappointed office-seeker. Three times was he shot, twice fatally, and once in the hand as the dying man tried to grasp the weapon which dealt out death to him.

For twenty minutes after he fell the mayor gasped and struggled against death's grip. In his last moments he asked for the woman to whom he was to have been married. Before she could arrive at the scene of death he had passed quietly away.

After dinner the Mayor, who had been talking gaily with two of his children, declared that he would rest in the dining room for a while, and shortly before 8 o'clock he had fallen into a light slumber. The table had been cleared and the servants had closed the kitchen door so that the household clatter might not disturb the sleeper.

About 7:50 an unknown man who had been seen standing outside the Mayor's residence, left his post of observation and walked quickly toward the entrance gates. He did not hesitate, but swung them open as if he was in haste to accomplish his design. He hurried along the path toward the front door of the house, where, listening intently for a moment, he found all was silent inside.

He then rang the bell slowly and deliberately, without that nervous ring of a man in haste. He staggered a little as the flood of light from within revealed him to the servant as she opened the door.

In a hesitating way he asked if the Mayor was in.

"Yes," answered the girl.

"I want to see him," said Prendergast.

The girl hesitated, as Prendergast did not seem to her the sort of a man to admit into the house. Brushing past her the murderer said that he must see the Mayor. The door was left open while the servant tried to learn the visitor's business.

Hearing the noise, the Mayor awoke and was on his feet in an instant. He walked through the doors leading from the dining-room into the hallway and caught a glimpse of the man who wanted to see him.

"Well, what do you want with me?" asked the Mayor in his bluff, hearty way.

At the sound of his voice the girl left Prendergast and disappeared within the kitchen, not before, however, she had heard the man utter something about wanting to be corporation counsel.

Prendergast advanced toward him, but he did not say a word to the Mayor. As the Mayor came toward him with that peculiar swing for which he was noted, without a word the assassin stepped forward. The only warning of death received by Harrison was the gleam of the revolver as Prendergast pulled it out of his pocket.

Death came swiftly. Leveling the weapon at the Mayor as he advanced the assassin fired. The Mayor clutched at his breast and tried to pluck out the biting pain which seemed to paralyze his heart. Staggering backward he grasped at the wall for support.

Prendergast's face became fiendish as he followed the tottering man. He brought the hammer down again, and a bullet plunged through the stomach of the Mayor. The first missile had penetrated the lungs. Retreating still before the murderer the Mayor staggered into the dining-room.

Not content with his work thus far, Prendergast still followed the now dying man. The Mayor's face was convulsed with pain and blood was flowing from the wound in his stomach. The agony of death was upon him as he vainly tried to clutch the wounded spot on his breast.

With his mind aflame with hate and revenge and insanity, Prendergast was still unsatisfied in his lust for blood. For the third time he raised his revolver. The old man, bleeding internally and dying, turned toward the murderer as the hammer came down again. The little strength left in him impelled the Mayor to throw up his left hand to stop the bullet. Death had already come to him; his life blood was ebbing away. Yet the instinct of self-preservation, the strong desire for life, made the brave old man thrust out his weakened arm. His left hand almost grasped the barrel of the revolver. Another flash, a loud report and a bullet ploughed its way through his hand, almost shattering the little finger. The missile buried itself in the wall.

With a groan the Mayor staggered one more time and then fell. Nature could stand no more. Still, with the idea of seeking safety in flight, Harrison had moved slowly toward the passage leading to the kitchen. He fell in the passage with his feet toward the dining-room.

Though the shots had been fired quickly, Prendergast took careful aim and tried to strike the Mayor in a vital spot. As the last shot splintered Mr. Harrison's hand a terrible cry broke out. The servants screamed and tried to get out of the back door, and Peterson Harrison, who had been reading in his room up stairs came bounding down the flight.

Before the son could get near his father the coachman, Charles Parth, had dashed from the servant's dining-room into the private dining-room. Prendergast fired at the coachman, but

missed. Then the murderer turned and left the house. Parth rushed to the barn, got his own revolver and gave chase to the murderer. He could not catch him.

Later the murderer gave himself up to the police, announcing that he had killed the Mayor.

CHICAGO, November 1.—The remains of Mayor Harrison were interred to-day amid imposing ceremonies. There was a great cortege and a vast crowd. The murder of Harrison has encouraged cranks all over the country, one having threatened the life of Edwin Gould and another that of the Cuban consul at New York.

STRIKING ENGLISH MINERS.

An Attempt to Reach an Agreement Fails.

LONDON, November 4.—The conference between the mine-owners and striking miners' representatives has failed to reach an agreement, and the great strike will be continued. The result will be great suffering, not only among the miners' families, but among the poor of large cities, on account of the very high price of coal.

CONGRESS ADJOURNED.

The Extra Session Closed on Friday, November 3rd.

WASHINGTON, November 3.—The Senate passed the House joint resolution for final adjournment at 3 o'clock. Several Senators opposed the resolution but with no avail. At the last moment Cleveland decided not to send his Hawaiian message to Congress.

A Venezuelan leader, General Hernandez, has been arrested in New York for indignities upon an American citizen and his wife who lived several years ago in Bolivar where Hernandez was in command.

Peter Sells of circus fame has attached the New South Wales exhibit in Chicago in a suit for damages for the quarantining of his horses when on a trip to the colonies.

The crew of the wrecked Norwegian bark Saigon has arrived at New York. The Saigon was wrecked by a storm in the Gulf Stream and was beset by sharks.

The powers are uneasy over the Franco-Russian alliance and it is intimated that Italy has a secret understanding with the Czar.

The Czar has warmly thanked Carnot for the Russian reception.

BY AUTHORITY.

TAX APPEAL NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given that the Tax Appeal Board for the District of Honolulu will sit at the District Court Room on Thursday the 23rd day of November, 1893, at 1 o'clock p. m., to hear such appeals as may be brought before it.

A. G. M. ROBERTSON,
District Magistrate of Honolulu, Island of Oahu.

SEALED TENDERS.

Sealed Tenders will be received at the office of the Minister of the Interior till 12 o'clock noon on WEDNESDAY, November 22, 1893, for the erection of a Jail at Honolulu, Hanalei, Hawaii. Specifications and plans at the office of the Superintendent of Public Works, also at the office of J. W. Moenau, Deputy Sheriff of Hanalei.

All tenders must be endorsed "Tender for Honolulu Jail."

The Minister of the Interior does not bind himself to accept the lowest or any bid.

J. A. KING,
Minister of the Interior.

SEALED TENDERS.

Will be received at the office of the Minister of the Interior, until 12 o'clock noon, Monday, December 4, 1893, for the construction of a jail at North Kohala, Hawaii.

Plans and specifications at the office of the Superintendent of Public Works, also at the office of C. H. Pulaa, Deputy Sheriff, North Kohala.

Each tender must be endorsed "Tender for Kohala Jail."

The Minister of the Interior does not bind himself to accept the lowest or any bid.

Interior Office, Nov. 18, 1893.

J. A. KING,
Minister of the Interior.

MEMBERS OF THE TAX APPEAL BOARD.

COMMISSIONED BY THE MINISTER OF FINANCE FOR 1893.

Honolulu, J. T. Waterhouse, Jr., Jas. A. Kennedy.

Ewa and Waianae, L. L. McCandless.

Koolaula, Jas. O. Oles, William Heney.

Waialua, Thomas W. Gay, Ben Naukane.

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I. O. O. F.

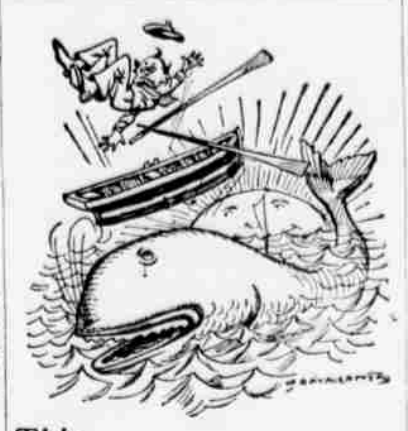
HARMONY LODGE No. 1, I. O. O. F., MEETS in Harmony Hall, Waikiki, every Monday, at 7:30 p. m. Visiting brothers are cordially invited to attend.
D. P. LAWRENCE, GEO. A. TURNER,
Noble Grand, Secretary.

Thanksgiving Services.

CONFORMING TO AN AMERICAN custom, sanctioned by the President of the United States, THANKSGIVING SERVICES will be held THURSDAY, Nov. 30th, at Central Union Church, at 11 a. m., and at St. Andrew's Cathedral, at hours to be announced later.

ALBERT S. WILLIS,
U. S. Legation,
201-td

Nov. 18, 1893.



This

Is one way of getting the Mowera off the reef, but that it is not the best way Captain Metcalfe has already proven.

Now that the excitement is over, suppose you get one of those really and truly

Steam Boats

that we have just gotten in for the Christmas trade, to show your little boy (or some one else's), how it was done, you know.

Besides Steam Boats we have hosts of other things suitable for presents which must be seen to be appreciated.

Call early and take first choice.

KING BROS.

HOTEL STREET

THOSE CIGARS

That we are selling at such low prices are known as

La Constantia,

La Insular

and

La Isabella.

These cigars are of our own importation and direct from the

MANILA FACTORIES.

Hobron, Newman & Co.,

DRUGGISTS and TOBACCONISTS

180-182

A Boston Dressmaker

Quickly Cured of Sour Stomach

All Who Suffer Similarly, Remember, HOOD'S CURES.

Mrs. F. W. Barker

Boston, Mass.

This lady is a well-known and popular

dressmaker. She says:

"There is no mistake about Hood's Sarsaparilla. I want to tell how quickly it cured me of

sour stomach, which had troubled me for over a

year. I could not even take a swallow of water

but what I suffered from distress and acidity.

When I began to take Hood's Sarsaparilla I

could see good effects from the first doses. I

continued until I had taken three bottles and

have been entirely cured. I give this state-

ment for the benefit of others who are suffering

similarly." Mrs. F. W. BARKER, 41 Chester

Park, Boston, Mass.

HOOD'S PILLS are the best after-dinner Pills

assist digestion, cure headache. Try a box. 25c.

Hobron Newman & Co.

Wholesale Agents.

Nov. 18, 1893.

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A Event in the Retail Dry Goods Business.

A BUSY TIME WITH US AND A PLEASANT AND PROFITABLE ONE FOR YOU. CLOSING OUT OUR DRY GOODS BUSINESS FOR GOOD.

Now is the Time TO BUY CHEAP. WE MEAN BUSINESS!

These are only Sample Items.

White Flannel 12 1/2c per yard.

Gents' Underwear 20c

Dress Shields 15c

Ladies' Hose Supporters with Belts 20c

Misses' 15c

All Silk Binding, in all colors 15c

Covered Dress Steels, 3 dozen for 25c

Children's Colored Hose 10c

Ladies' Taste Thread Hose 25c

82 yards carpeting 18c

Figured India Silk 25c

Children's Rubber Shoes 20c

Gents' Neckwear 20c

Ladies' Linen Collars 65c

Gents' Standing Linen Collars 65c

Richelieu Ribbed Vests 40c

Collar Buttons, per doz 65c

Sleeve Buttons, per pair 65c

Marking Cotton, 2 balls for 65c

Silver Match Safes 75c